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ADRIAN BRAUWER.



WE do not know whether Vandyck lent his personages any of that dignity which he possessed in so large a degree him-



self; but on seeing the portrait of Adrian Brauwer, which he has left us, we can hardly fancy that a man with such a lordly air, who could twirl his moustache so haughtily, and fold his

cloak so gracefully, could have been the painter of sottish peasants, debauchees, and low players. It must be confessed, that if the portrait be not flattering, the painter has not given us any means of forming an idea of his personal appearance from the figures he drew. But, unfortunately, it is only too true that his own habits were exactly those which he was fond of depicting, that he lived a drunkard, and died in an hospital, and that he was one of those prodigals who never think of returning, but to whom pardon is granted because they have loved painting not wisely but well.

Houbraken has recounted Brauwer's life in such a way as to surround him with interest, and make a full display of the accuracy and depth of his own information. A letter of Nicholas Six, burgomaster, quoted by Houbraken, proves that Brauwer was born at Haarlem, and not at Oudekerke as stated by Cornelius de Bie, the Flemish writer, and also by M. de Piles. He belonged to a poor family, and was possessed of a natural genius which his parents were unable to develop by education. Chance, however, brought it to light. His mother was milliner and dressmaker for the peasant women of the neighbourhood. Her son sketched for her with a pen the flowers, fruit, birds, and other little ornaments that she embroidered on the collars, caps, &c. A painter of considerable reputation, Francis Hals, was one day passing by their little shop, and saw little Brauwer designing, and struck by the ease and taste which his sketches exhibited, stepped in and asked him whether he would like to be a painter. The boy said he should, if his mother would allow him. The latter consented, but only on condition that his master should support him until he was able to support himself.

Hals agreed, took the boy home with him, and installed him in his studio, but kept his promises very badly. Perceiving very soon the advantage he might derive from talent displaying so much freedom and originality as that of Brauwer, he separated him from his other pupils, and shut him up in a

little garret, where he made him work from morning till night without rest or relaxation, and gave him barely food enough to keep him alive. Adrian's disappearance, however, awakened the curiosity of his fellow-students, who seized an opportunity afforded them by their master's absence to pay a visit to the prisoner. They ascended to the garret in terror, and, by peeping in through a little window, were able to discover that he was executing very good pictures. One of them proposed to him to paint "The Five Senses," at two-pence each. Brauwer accordingly completed a sketch, in which the subject, trite as it was, was treated in a manner entirely new, for he had never seen it from any other hand, and yet with great simplicity. Another ordered "The Twelve Months of the Year," also for two-pence each, but promising at the same time to increase the sum if he would work out his sketches.

It was a piece of rare good fortune for the poor recluse thus to find employment for such leisure moments as he was able to snatch without awakening the suspicions of his master.

But Hals and his worthy spouse, who was, if possible, still more niggardly and hard-hearted than himself, soon began to perceive a falling off in the amount of Brauwer's labours, and set a watch on him; so that he was compelled to fag away without ceasing, and, by way of punishment for past remissness, they diminished his rations. Happily it is with boys as with young ladies in love: if you want to give cunning and address to the simplest or most stolid, you have only to shut them up. So Brauwer began to plan an escape. But here we shall let his biographer Deschamps tell the tale:—

"He escaped, and ran through the whole town, without knowing where he should go, or what he should do. He at last went into a baker's shop, and laid in a store of gingerbread, sufficient to last him the whole day, and ensconced himself under the organ-case of the Great Church. Whilst he was ruminating on his position and prospects, he was recognised by a passer-by, who frequented his master's house, and who readily guessed how matters stood from Brauwer's forlorn aspect. He inquired what ailed him; Brauwer, with his usual frankness, recounted everything that had happened, dwelling at length upon the covetousness of Hals and his wife, who, not content with the profit they drew from his labour, were letting him die of hunger and nakedness. The pallid looks and the rags of the narrator corroborated his statements, and interested his hearer to such a degree, that he took him back to his master, and promised him that he should receive better treatment in future."

The remonstrances of his new friend were not without their effect. He experienced more kindness, and was rigged out in a new suit of second-hand clothes. He now set to work with renewed vigour, but still for his master's benefit, who sold his little paintings at a high price, pretending they were the productions of a foreign but unknown painter, and thus stimulating the curiosity of the amateurs. Brauwer, inspired with new vigour by his good clothes and good food, gave full vent to the inspirations of a talent of which he alone was ignorant, but which was already making a good deal of noise out of doors. Amongst his fellow-students was one destined afterwards to be a great painter, Adrian Van Ostade, who was better able than the others to appreciate Brauwer's genius, and the delicacy, warmth, and harmony displayed in his works. Ostade was indignant at the Hals' conduct, and told Brauwer that he was a fool not to break loose from his servitude; that he was talented enough to live by his art, and draw from it, not profit only, but honour; that with a very little energy he might regain his liberty and make a name for himself; and advised him to go to Amsterdam to seek his fortune, where, as he was credibly informed, his paintings already sold at a high price. Brauwer was easily persuaded, escaped a second time, and made his way to Amsterdam, where he had no friends, relatives, or any recommendation whatsoever. On his arrival, his good genius led him to the French Crown Inn, kept by a certain Van Sommeren, who had practised painting in his youth, and whose son, Henry Sommeren, executed very good landscapes and flower-pieces. He could not have fallen into better hands.

Our young vagabond, finding the cookery of the French Crown better than that of Madame Hals, took heart, and opening his haversack, took out his colours, and sketched some pieces which astonished his hosts, and induced them to make him a present of a fine copper-plate, upon which he was to display all the talent of which he was capable. He accordingly painted a gambling quarrel between some peasants and soldiers—representing the tables overturned, the cards scattered on the ground, the players throwing pots of beer at one another's heads; one of whom, badly wounded, lies foaming with rage upon the floor, half-dead, half-drunk. The picture was full of nerve, and executed in a warm tone, with great vivacity in the figures and truth of expression. He was at once recognised as the "foreign artist" of whom Hals had boasted so much. M. du Vermandois, a distinguished amateur, gave him no less than ten pounds for this work as soon as he saw it. Brauwer could hardly believe his eyes—he who had begun by two-pence each picture! He took the money, lay down on his bed, and kicked and rolled for joy. After a little, he jumped up and ran out without saying a word. It was evident that so much wealth was burdensome to him, and that he was already longing to see the end of it. At the end of nine days he re-appeared, singing and laughing, and when asked what he had done with his money, exclaimed, "God be praised, I have got rid of it!"

This anecdote alone portrays Brauwer's character to the life. His rude apprenticeship in Hals' garret, as well as the ardour of his own temperament, made him prone to the free enjoyment of life. Painting was in reality but a secondary passion with him. His chief aim was, to eat, drink, and be merry—we were going to say, his chief talent, for it was from this sort of life that he drew his inspirations, being able to paint drunkards all the better from being constantly in their society. His studio was the workshop which he made the scene of "The Gamblers' Quarrels," and the furniture of which consisted of a cask on which the clowns have just thrown down the four aces, a broom, a kettle which the light fills with golden hues, and a bucket turned upside down, and upon it the smoker's chaffing-dish, without reckoning the burden leaning against the wall, as we always see it in Teniers' pictures. It was from this locality, when harassed by his landlady for payment of her bill, that he sent his paintings for sale to the amateurs. If they did not bring the price he expected for them, he burnt them, and set to work anew upon others, upon which he bestowed more care, till at last he got what he wanted.

There is no species of pleasantry or facetiousness that the Flemish or Dutch biographers have not attributed to Brauwer. Cornelius de Bie states, that having been plundered by pirates on the coast of Holland, he bethought himself of getting a coat made of coarse brown holland, and on it painted flowers and foliage in imitation of Indian shawls. Having then given it a shining appearance with gum or varnish, he walked about the streets, attracting great attention from the ladies, who were in raptures with his costume, and were inquiring on all sides where they could procure this new stuff. He then went in the evening to the theatre, and at the close of the piece managed to mount upon the stage, where he walked up and down with a wet sponge in his hand, calling upon the audience to examine the material of his coat, of which he said, he was the sole maker, and carried the only piece in the world upon his back. Then, to the great astonishment of the pit, he rubbed off the painting with his sponge, and revealed the calico in its native coarseness, declaring it to be an emblem of human life, upon which one should place as little value as upon the wretched garment which a moment before had appeared so costly and beautiful. This "pointing of the moral," otherwise commonplace enough, was performed by him with a better grace upon another occasion. Some of his relatives invited him to a wedding, evidently, as he believed, because he had just got a new and very showy velvet coat. At dinner he took some of the greasiest and thickest sauce on the table, and smeared the coat with it, saying that the velvet had a right to the good cheer, inasmuch as it was the velvet

which was invited. He then threw it into the fire, and went back to the tavern for his old rags.

James Houbraeken, who ably engraved the portraits which illustrate his father's "Lives of the Painters," conceived the idea of placing a monkey beside Brauwer's portrait, to express that buffoon humour which far from diminishing as age advanced, in Brauwer's case only increased and became more repulsive. In fact, what in the child might be called drolleries, in the man were nothing but gross tomfooleries, which smelt of the places frequented by their author. Happily, Brauwer, during his lifetime, achieved better things than pasquinades and farces, and has rendered his name immortal by some masterpieces of expression, touch, and colouring, to which the graver of Vischer has lent new life. Their scarcity, too, has enhanced their value. What nerve, what life, and what accuracy of observation do they not display! Nowhere else, save in the reality, do we find those grimaces, those red and bloated faces, that coarse merriment of tatterdemalions, and those indescribable attitudes and postures of beastly drunkenness. What imagination could conjure merely up by guess those physiognomies of the gamblers—the winner singing with all his might, the crest-fallen visage of his antagonist, and the bumpers which the spectators are engulfing in their huge throats in honour of the occasion? No one but an *habitué* of taverns could have risen to the height, or rather descended to the lowness, of scenes like these. In wine Brauwer found the truth of his sketches.—*In vino veritas.*

It would, doubtless, have been far better for such a painter if his life were wholly unknown to us, and nothing remained of him except these admirable little works, which might lead us only to suspect his taste for carousal. But it would seem as if history had a predilection for scandal, if we may judge from the complacency with which she records all the follies and weaknesses of her heroes, while she is silent regarding so many charming artists who needed nothing but the *éclat* of a great vice to make them famous, and hand down their names to posterity. Brauwer lived at Amsterdam until having earned a great deal, but spent more, he had to fly from his creditors. He took the road to Antwerp; but as he was not so well versed in the current politics of the day as in the gossip of the tap-room, he was imprudent enough to present himself at the gates of the town without a passport from the States General, which were then at war with Spain. He was arrested as a spy, and imprisoned in the citadel. He there met with the Duke of Aréberg, also a prisoner by order of the King of Spain. Taking him for the governor of the place, he recounted to him, with tears in his eyes, all the misfortunes which had befallen him, and assured him most solemnly that he was merely a painter, who had come to Antwerp to make use of his talents, and offered to prove his statements if he were furnished with a palette and brushes. The duke immediately sent a message to Rubens, asking him to forward the articles; and the latter forthwith sent, back canvas, colours, and everything that was necessary. In the meantime, some Spanish soldiers had set themselves down to play at cards in the courtyard in front of the painter's window. Brauwer took them for the subject of his picture, and painted the group with extraordinary truth, exhibiting the minutest traits of character, attitude, and physiognomy in each. Behind them appeared an old soldier seated on his haunches, and watching the game. His face was striking and original, and between his half-open lips appeared the only two teeth that were left him. The artist had never succeeded so well—had never displayed so much fire and vigour. As soon as the duke saw the picture, he burst out laughing, and sent for Rubens to come and see if the work of his dauber was worth preserving. Rubens came, and had no sooner cast his eye upon it, than he exclaimed, "It's by Brauwer; no one else could paint subjects of this kind with such power and beauty." When pressed to value it, he named seventy pounds. "You are right in thinking it is not for sale," said the duke; "I intend it for my own collection, as much because of the singularity of the incident, as for its intrinsic excellence."

Rubens used all his influence to get Brauwer out of prison.

He went to the governor and succeeded in convincing him that the supposed spy was a painter of genius, and obtained his liberation, upon his becoming security that his *protégé* was in reality what he said he was. He then took him home to his house, assigned him a chamber, a place at his table, and procured him suitable dress. But Brauwer, instead of being grateful for these acts of kindness, was only embarrassed by them. The libertine and riotous hero of tavern brawls and merriment felt but ill at ease in the well-ordered, sober, but elegant mansion of Rubens. In a few days our hero was heartily sick of it, and took to his heels, sold his clothes, and returned to his old haunts and associates, declaring that life under Rubens' roof was to him as insupportable as imprisonment in the citadel.

There was then at Antwerp a baker, named Joseph Van Craesbeck, a native of Brussels, who professed to be very fond of painting, and sometimes acted as a broker. Brauwer made his acquaintance, and seeing he had a handsome wife, conceived it to be incumbent upon him to fall in love with her. But, in accordance with the old saying that husbands generally pave the way for their own misfortunes, it so happened that Craesbeck offered Brauwer board and lodging, in case he taught him painting. This was exactly what the artist wanted, and he accordingly snapped at the proposal with the utmost eagerness. No two men were ever better matched. They had the same tastes, the same characteristics, and they soon had the same style. By dint of admiring and imitating Brauwer, Craesbeck began to display some talent, but he made no better use of it than his master, for he employed himself mostly in painting drunkenness, debauchery, and pots of beer. It appears that the two painters had, doubtless at the close of some carousal, some difference with the police, which obliged them to quit Belgium and take refuge in Paris. Brauwer did but little work there, and soon returned to Antwerp, carrying disease with him, and died miserably in the public hospital in that town, in 1660. He was buried in the cemetery of the plague-stricken, that is, on a straw bed, at the bottom of a well. On hearing of this sad end of a life of so much glory and shame, Rubens, it is said, was moved to tears. He was unwilling, however, that due respect should not be paid to art in the person of one of its great professors. Accordingly, he caused the body of Brauwer to be exhumed, and paid the expense of the funeral rites, which he caused to be celebrated with great pomp. Roger de Piles has made the assertion that Rubens caused a magnificent tomb to be erected to Brauwer in the church in which he was buried. The truth is, that Rubens did entertain the idea of erecting such a monument, and sketched a design for it, but his own death prevented his carrying his intention into execution, and consequently the epitaph given by Cornelius de Bie, in Flemish verse, had no existence save in his own imagination.

The best proof of Brauwer's power and imagination lies in the fact, that, though Hals' pupil, his style differed completely from that of his master. Hals is impetuous, and consists mainly in bold touches so placed as to conceal the precision, often painful, of the sketch, and to produce their effect at a distance—and at a distance only. On the contrary, Brauwer's pencil is free and easy; he expresses and finishes his objects without minuteness and without coldness. His pictures are only finished sketches—the impastment is so thin that the priming of the canvas appears through it. But besides this, Brauwer had another style, in which there was more impastment and visible touches; in which lightness and softness are united to firmness, and delicacy to breadth. Fine and *spirituel* as Teniers, Brauwer is warmer in his tones, shows more of reddish-brown, and in this approaches Ostade and Rembrandt. In a word, Brauwer is as much to be imitated in his execution as his example is to be avoided in his choice of subjects. Ostade and Rembrandt are never ignoble, because they never seek to be so; while Brauwer, having boldly and openly renounced decency, never fails to call up those feelings of disgust which every man, however blunt his perceptions, must feel at the sight of a vagabond or ruffian engaged in his orgies. And, nevertheless, Brauwer, despite the coarseness of his models,

the vulgarity of their acts, and the ugliness and repulsiveness of their visages, has succeeded, during two centuries, in delighting all lovers of art by the delicacy, the warmth, and the harmony of his works.

Brauer executed, with a good deal of skill, some etchings, of which M. de Heinecke has furnished a list: they are nineteen in number:—

8, 9, 10.—“Two Peasants,” a piece marked, *Abraham Brauer, fecit.*

11.—“A Tall Man and a Little Woman with an Ape smoking,” with the inscription, *Wats dit voor en gedroeht.*

12.—“A Peasant Girl making Cakes.”

13.—“A Peasant lighting his Pipe at a Chafing-dish held by a Woman.”



THE FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUER.

1.—“Four Peasants,” underneath, *T'sa vrienden.*

2.—“A Peasant Girl playing a Flageolet, and two peasants dancing”—*Lustig spell.*

3, 4, 5, 6.—“Three Peasants smoking”—*Wer aent smoken.*

7.—“A Peasant sleeping in the foreground, and in the background three Peasants drunk”—*Brauer.*

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.—“A series of Peasants and Peasant Girls;” six pieces without any mark; the first represents a “Woman asking Alms.”

The portrait of Brauer, painted by Vandyck (p. 201), has been engraved by Schelte; John Gole has also engraved it, and Boulonnais has copied it. Adrian Brauer is one of the

Dutch painters who have been most engraved. The names of the principal engravers are Meyssens, Blooteling, MacArdell, Lebas, Basan, Bary, Bremden, Delfos, Demouchy, Wenceslas Hollar, John Gole, T. Major, Malœuvre, Mathan, Marinus, Nicholds, Ploos Van Amstel in his "Imitations of Drawings after the principal Flemish and Dutch Painters;" Riedel, father and son; Van Schagen, Seiler, Schenck, Van Sommer, Spilsburg, Spooner, Jonas Suyderhoef, Wallerant Vaillant, Le Vaeseur, Verkoljje.

drinking. This painting, which we have reproduced (p. 204), is called in Holland "The Fiddler."

John de Visscher has also engraved, after Brauwer, a series of four tap-rooms, all of which are excellent, particularly in point of colouring.

This is not all; the famous Lucas Wostermann has engraved, after this master, "The Seven Mortal Sins," represented by half-length figures. Voluptuousness is there sketched in two ways, so that the seven sins form eight pieces. They bear



THE DRINKERS. —FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUWER.

Amongst these we must distinguish, as beyond comparison, Blooteling, Lebas, Hollar, John Gole, and Suyderhoef, and we must add to the list the great name of Visscher. He has executed, after Brauwer, two pieces of the greatest beauty, and greatly sought after by amateurs, "A Surgeon dressing a Man's Foot," the first proofs of which bear the inscription, *Ure, seca, purga*, and a tap-room, in which one man is playing a fiddle and winking his eye, three others singing, and one

the cipher V.; and the "Five Senses"—five pieces. We see in Brauwer's drawings a pen outline, aided by a little wash of Indian, and a few bold touches and hatchings of the pen, which produce all the effect that could be expected from them. The short, thick-set figures, their grimaces, and the appearance of their heads, covered with straight, stiff hair, indicate their author at a glance.

Lebrun informs us that David Teniers painted in his earlier

style (not the fine silvery gray) some paintings which have been often attributed to Brauwer, in order to enhance their price, and because they did not seem handsome enough for Teniers himself.

The following are some of the prices which Brauwer's works have fetched:—

The Laroque Sale—Gersaint, 1745: A small landscape, in a gilt frame, 16s. 8d.; a small beginning certainly.

The Caulet d'Hauteville Sale, 1774: "A Dispute at Play," containing six figures, and forming a pendant to one of Cornelius Dusart's, was sold for £2 only. It is true that at the same sale a fine Rembrandt, engraved by MacArdill in the dotted manner, brought only £24.

Burgraaf Sale, 1811: A little painting containing two peasants smoking beside an upturned cask, and a third in the background, £2 10s.

Erard Sale, 1832: "The interior of a Public House," on wood, from the Willie Cabinet; ten figures, £38.

There is but one of Adrain Brauwer's paintings in the Louvre, the "Interior of a Tap-room." A man seen from behind is asleep upon a table; a smoker is lighting his pipe, and another is kissing the maid. In the background two men are chatting with a little girl.

Amongst Brauwer's pupils were Gonzales, Craesbeck, Tilborg, Bernard Fouchers, and Jan Steen, who was also the pupil of Van Goyen.

THE PROPRIETAIRE.—II.

JULIA and her mother were in the midst of their meal when a knock came to the door. Julia rose and opened. It was the *concierge*.

"Bon jour, madame," said he gruffly.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Germain; what can I do for you?"

"I come for the money. I have my accounts to make up with the *propriétaire* to-morrow, and I must be *en règle*."

"But, monsieur, I am sorry to say our letter is not yet come."

"There is five weeks' rent due," answered the *portier* brutally; "I must have my money."

"But we are very much in want of the money too," said Julia gently; "I wrote three days ago to say that mamma was very ill, and very likely—"

"All this will not pay my *propriétaire*," cried M. Germain. "I like to have my books all square; no laggards for me. My principle is, 'People who can't pay should not live in lodgings.'"

"Go down, sir," said Mrs. Robinson firmly; "you shall have your answer to-morrow."

"I'm going! I'm going! English beggars," he muttered as he turned away; and then he added aloud, "but mark my words—my money by twelve o'clock, or I seize."

"What are we to do, mamma?" cried Julia, bathed in tears.

"You must write to the *propriétaire*, state our case, refer him to our agents in England, and beg for time."

"But M. Germain will never deliver it," said Julia.

"You must run out and put it into the post, directed to the *propriétaire* of No. —, Avenue de Champs Elysees. He will not dare then to keep it back. Be sure he will not suspect it is from us."

Julia did as her mother advised: the letter was written, and put into the post, and then they sat down to reflect on the future. It was clear that things in England were very bad, as they had heard nothing since the five pounds had been sent. They must give up their humble lodging, and take to a garret. One room, in a very poor neighbourhood was all they could possibly afford. Having come to this resolution, which was to be carried out as soon as they could get rid of their present apartments, they went to bed.

They rose early, expecting the visit of their dreadful *propriétaire*. They had heard that he was a severe man, and they looked with great anxiety to the result of the missive. Twelve o'clock arrived, and no sign of any visit, but exactly

as the clock struck, in walked the *concierge*. His aspect was dogged and stern.

"Are you ready, madame," said he, addressing Mrs. Robinson, who sat in an arm-chair near a fire—it was now the month of October.

"I am not, M. Germain; you must have patience. I shall write to England again to-day, and do my utmost to have the money sent by return of post. My daughter has money due to her for lessons, too, which you can have on account on Saturday," was the quiet reply of the lady.

"Mere idle tales!" cried M. Germain. "I never allow any one to get behind with me. I must have my money, or you must go, leaving security for the rent."

"But, M. Germain," replied Julia, quietly, "we cannot go until we have another apartment. We cannot take another apartment until we have more money. But we should not stop under even these circumstances, were we not sure of paying you after a brief delay."

"Once more I declare, that all these explanations are nothing to me. You must pay, or go," exclaimed M. Germain, raising his voice.

"To day," replied Julia, firmly, "we can do neither."

"Do neither!" cried M. Germain, putting himself into a passion, while he seized the young girl by the arm and shook her, "I tell you, you shall go out at once, or my name is not Germain."

Next instant the savage *concierge* rolled on the floor, receiving as he fell a couple of kicks, which made him bellow with hearty good will. He sprang to his feet, cursing and swearing; but when he saw M. Rousset shaking the ladies by the hand, he stood transfixed with terror and astonishment.

"Go down, sir; make your packet, and leave the house in a quarter of an hour," said M. Rousset passionately.

"But, monsieur," began the man humbly.

"No words, obey."

"But *mon propriétaire*," said M. Germain.

"You are landlord," exclaimed Julia, blushing crimson.

"I have that honour," replied M. Rousset, bowing, "and I have just read your charming note. I was coming up to answer it in person, when I heard this brute's voice."

"But you will pardon him," said Julia earnestly, "it will not happen again."

"I protest," began M. Germain.

"This young lady's requests are commands in this house," replied M. Rousset; "no words! but go. Let me never have such a scene again in my house."

The *concierge* bowed low, and left the room.

"My dear friends," said the young man, "what is all this you tell me. This delay in your remittance is very annoying. But as a banker, I have an agent in London; if you will allow me, I will have him call round."

"We shall be most grateful," replied Mrs. Robinson.

"In the mean time, said the young man in a hesitating tone, "you will, I hope, open an account with me."

"Monsieur Rousset," replied Mrs. Robinson much affected, "I cannot think—"

"Madame!" cried the young man passionately, "I have come here for a very different purpose from what you expect. I love your daughter. I loved her from the first evening that I saw her; but I had made up my mind never to marry, and my pride revolted at being vanquished so early. Every time I saw her, again I found my affection growing upon me, and at last, seriously alarmed at the state of my feelings, I fled to Italy. It was in vain. I visited Rome, Naples, Florence, I revelled in beautiful scenery, I gazed with delight on the fair plains and picturesque hills of that lovely country, but it was in vain; and I came back, post haste, conquered, overcome, to lay my heart and fortune at your daughter's feet."

The young man paused, out of breath at the vehemence of his emotions.

"But, Monsieur Rousset," exclaimed Mrs. Robinson, while Julia hung her head to hide her tears and blushes; "you can not be serious. Though of good family, we are poor. My husband died of a broken heart, after a bankruptcy, leaving